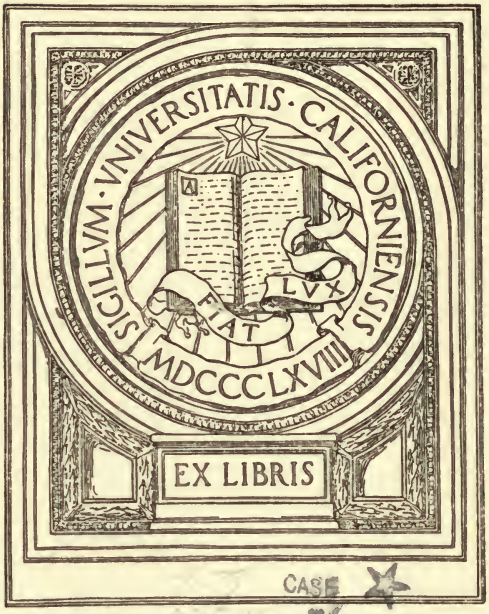
UC-NRLF
B 4 101 041

CHAUNCEY WETMORE WELLS

1872-1933



CASE
B1

This book belonged to Chauncey Wetmore Wells. He taught in Yale College, of which he was a graduate, from 1897 to 1901, and from 1901 to 1933 at this University.

Chauncey Wells was, essentially, a scholar. The range of his reading was wide, the breadth of his literary sympathy as uncommon as the breadth of his human sympathy. He was less concerned with the collection of facts than with meditation upon their significance. His distinctive power lay in his ability to give to his students a subtle perception of the inner implications of form, of manners, of taste, of the really disciplined and discriminating mind. And this perception appeared not only in his thinking and teaching but also in all his relations with books and with men.

MARGINALIA

MARGINALIA

BY

CHARLES EDMUND MERRILL,
JUNIOR

C. Wollbills, Berkeley 1902

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK
PRIVATELY PRINTED
MCMII

PS3525
E65 M3
1902
MAIN

IN MEMORIAM
C. W. Wells

Sixty-two copies of this book were printed in February, 1902, of which two copies were on vellum.
This is Number 14

Charles Edmund Merrill Jr.

863755

To

Ethel Revere Merrill

4 March, 1902

CONTENTS

MARGINALIA

To Tusitala, 13
Ballade of Happiness, 14
To My Books, 16
Rondel, 17
Cradle Song, 18
Traümerei, 19
Rubaíyát, 20
On a Quiet Life, 22
A Voice in the Wilderness, 23
Ballade of Hope Deferred, 24
Cynthia's Bridal, 26

COLLEGE VERSE

Dedication of Yale Verse, 29
Horace in New Haven, 30
Ballade of Cheese and Beer, 32
With Pipe and Book, 34
To H. A. B., 35
Brave Mother Yale, 36
Envoy of Yale Verse, 37

TRANSLATIONS

Ad Venerem, 41
The Epitaph in Form of a Ballade, 42
Ballade, 44
Ballade of the Midnight Forest, 46

MARGINALIA

TO TUSITALA

Since thou hast left us for the land of light
And the clear woodland note no more we hear
And the last wonder-woven tale is told,
From snow to flower, from flower to snow the year
Draws on for us less cheerly than of old
When thou wert in our sight.
None comes to claim thy laurels; who but thou
Could frame to words the long, long thoughts of youth?
What now in all our dream there lives of truth
How may we know? Thou art not with us now.

Yet this to us for whom thy voice is still:
Each wonderful clear night of stars, each wind
That breathes the freshness of the great glad sea
On sullen soul and narrow-circling mind
Is still a voice interpreted of thee
And with thy presence filled;
That ancient song thou taught'st us first to hear
The woods still sing to us, when all the trees
Wake to the sudden whisper of the breeze—
And, if we listen, we may know thee near.

BALLADE OF HAPPINESS

Ale and argument, bread and cheese,
  Song and silence, and neither best;
Pipes and poetry, toil and ease,
  The day for work and the night for rest;
  A cheerful sermon, a thoughtful jest,
A friend to follow, a foe to fight,
  And a hopeful heart on a hopeless quest:
These are the springs of my delight.

April rain and November skies,
  Frost of autumn and thaw of spring;
Bare brown fields where the ground-larks rise,
  Feathery birches where robins sing;
  Daisies to buttercups beckoning
In lanes by the morning breeze blown bright,
  And the joy of living that May days bring:
These are the springs of my delight.

A white-capped harbour, a sea-salt gale
  And the thunder clouds scudding across the sky,
Or the breathless calm, and the flapping sail
  And the lights of the night boat slipping by;
  The wind in the trees and the low reply
Of ripples that break where the shore shows white
  'Gainst shadows that ancient pines raise high:
These are the springs of my delight.

The sweet content of old time books ;
  The song of the surf in the strong white sun,
And the little laugh of hidden brooks
  That under the drooping willows run ;
  The battles lost and the battles won,
Sunshine at morning and shade at night,
  The finished work and the task begun :
These are the springs of my delight.

Envoy

These are pleasures, you say, that pall ?
  You (and you only) shall read aright :
These—and one other, more dear than all,
  These *are the springs of my delight.*

TO MY BOOKS

As a far traveler in a distant land
Glad greets the home-word of his native soil,
So, weary of this busy world's turmoil,
The strong and peaceful words of this strong band
Where, clothed in lucid thought or figure grand,
My own rude, half-formed thoughts perchance I find,
Come like a voice from some long-vanished mind,
Distant, but for the moment close at hand.
In the stern eddies of adversity,
Or when with fortune's sunny tide I sail,
Here is a never failing sympathy;
When days are grey and other pleasures fail,
I talk with them and for a little time
They lightly bear me to another clime.

RONDEL

Since I am I, and you are you,
  So must I love thee, wonder-eyes ;
  The wood-thrush knows not why it flies
When falls at even-tide the dew
  From the deep chalice of the skies,
Nor know I why, who know 'tis true,
Since I am I, and you are you,
  So must I love thee, wonder-eyes.

I would not know, for ever new,
  Nor dimmed by knowledge overwise,
  Love's mystery still satisfies
As understanding could not do
Since I am I, and you are you.

CRADLE SONG

The stars are in the silent skies,
  The moon's asleep behind the hill,
The daffodils have closed their eyes,
  And all the tired world is still.
Returning up the airy mile
  Beyond the faintest, farthest star,
Go, dear, and stay a little while
    Where God and quiet are.

And when the stars at morning fade
  Into the portals of the day,
Bring peace to us, that unafraid
  We may renew the upward way,
And, with a message brought again
  From fairer fields of Paradise,
Walk gladly thro' a world of men
    While He is in His skies.

TRAÜMEREI

The baton falls, and hesitant and low
I hear the well-remembered song begin,
Rise tremulously sweet, then swiftly win
To brave andante singing clear, then slow
Sink to a solemn-paced adagio ;
I listen : and a song leaps up within
My heart that mocks the singing violin,
With a diviner melody aglow.

The quiet hum of bees is in my ears,
And deep in daisies by your side I lie
Where the long grasses wave their whispering
spears
In rhythmic sway to the low song you sing :
And somewhere from the silence of the sky
An answering note—and in my heart is Spring.

RUBAÍYÁT

I

The quiet Land of Sleep lies far away
Beyond the misty Portals of the Day;
  Not all the silent journey fare at will,
Tho' none the drowsy Porter needs must pay.

II

There rise the unfathomed Springs of sweet Surprise,
Where What we Know at Naisháp'r outvies
  In wonder the Unknown and yet is here
Discerned thro' all the strangeness of its guise.

III

And there, transformed by alchemy of night,
The ever-baffling puzzles of the light,
  The weary tangles in the Thread of Life,
Lie all unravel'd to our clearer sight.

IV

But what, O Sáki, if this land of Youth
And sweet Delight be yet the land of Truth?
  Do we that bear the burden of the noon
Bear it but vainly, striving to our ruth?

V

Yet may we trust, tho' long deferred our quest
And far away the Islands of the Blest,
The unfolded roll of Fate to read at last,
And, trusting this, be careless of the rest.

VI

For Love that guards us Here, shall guide us
There
And still shall guide beyond the Portals, where,
When the great Riddle is at last resolv'd,
Shall break at even's close a Dawn more fair.

ON A QUIET LIFE

[*From Avenius*]

Small fields are mine, and small the rent they bring,
  Yet therein lies no taint of usury.
Having enough, I'm rich as Lydia's king,
  Alike from worry and from censure free,
  From sins of sloth and cares of polity;
So wars and curule chairs aside I fling—
    Small fields are mine.

  Free from ambition's vain anxiety.
From wealth that like the fleeting clouds takes wing,
The pomp of camp and court I do not sing;
  That this is sure, enough of pride for me—
    Small fields are *mine*.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

Now God be with us ; He that hath denied us
  Our path to see, as thro' this world we go,
Make plain the hand that thro' the dark shall
    guide us :
      We would not hope—but know.

Lord, we would follow, could we see before us
  Thy standard rise, a shining cloud by day,
By night a fiery pillar flaming o'er us
      To light our stumbling way.

Thou that of old did'st lead their host united
  That followed Thee across the trackless plain,
So lead Thou us, till we, no more affrighted,
      Shall feel Thy hand again.

Then shall we know that Thou wert ever near us
  That called upon the God we did not see :
Lord, if to-day we know Thee not, yet hear us—
      We know our need of Thee.

BALLADE OF HOPE DEFERRED

[*Ballade à double refrain*]

With the old wan look of eagerness
  The gargoyle, on Our Lady's fane,
Grim gazes from its dark recess
  Adown the turn of the winding lane;
  Grim gazes thro' the wint'ry rain
That lends the fields a faëry sheen,
  For the World's Desire to come again—
The World's Desire hath no man seen.

And long are the years of its duress,
  And slowly the seasons wax and wane,
Nor ever the eager glance grows less
  Adown the turn of the winding lane;
  For, whether they fall on the standing grain
Or the white snow shrouding spring's faint green,
  The stony eyes their watch maintain—
The World's Desire hath no man seen.

For silent aye and motionless,
  Beside the veering weather-vane
It gazes in calm and in wild storm's stress
  Adown the turn of the winding lane,
  Nor recks that its waiting be in vain
But keeps the watch with steadfast mien
  And waits the day the gods ordain—
The World's Desire hath no man seen.

Envoy

Princess, *our* waiting brings naught of gain,
Adown the turn of the winding lane
Long tho' we keep the watch, I ween
The World's Desire hath no man seen.

CYNTHIA'S BRIDAL

My little one, the day is done,
The maiden moon walks in the sky,
And one by one, and one by one
She lights the lamps on high.

She mounts her silver throne, and now
The clouds, a feignèd bridal veil,
She draws about her virgin brow
As the star-tapers pale.

For Cynthia waits the errant sun
That lingers far away.
My little one, the night is gone
And in the East is day.

Now, slim and virgin, from her throne
Reluctantly she goes,
And one by one, and one by one
The stars are dimmed in rose.

COLLEGE VERSE

DEDICATION OF YALE VERSE

[*To my Mother*]

These idle songs of yesterday
Must now the idle hours betray
  Of that brief unforgotten time
  Of primroses and bells a-chime,
And hopes and fears too sweet to stay.

So all of youth our roundelay;
No rapt heroics we essay,
  Nor to the clear cold heights may climb
    These idle songs.

No! of the valleys green and gay
  (Our caps and gowns a merry mime
  Of caps and bells) we make our rhyme;
Worthless? Ah, that's for you to say,
For whom were gathered by the way
    These idle songs.

HORACE IN NEW HAVEN

I

INTEGER VITÆ

The man that promptly settles with the bursar
  Needs not a pull to win his way thro' college,
Nor need he heed *Φ. B. K.*'s curse, or
  Envy her knowledge.

Whether th' inhospitable Welch receive him
  Or in South Middle dark his path and rough be,
Still shall the dean, with gracious smile, believe him,
  Whate'er his bluff be.

For as I wandered to my room last Monday,
  Singing his praise who had my bill receipted,
Fierce Mr. Hotchkiss, who had cut me Sunday,
  Pleasantly greeted.

Throw me in White, in Farnam (which is worse), or
  Far in the halls remote of Pierson land me,
The sweetly singing, sweetly smiling bursar
  Still shall command me.

II

PERSICOS ODI

Boy, I detest these modern innovations,
The *Voice* crusade may alter some men's habit,
But, as for me, I'll stick to my old rations,
Ale and a rarebit.

In vino vis. The pious dames of Ipswich,
Knowing its worth and fearing lest men waste it,
Condemn its use in christening battleships, which
Can't even taste it.

Old Cato Major (and, no doubt, his wife, too),
Found in Falernian, mixed with milder Massic,
Courage which led him at his time of life, to
Read the Greek classic.

Yes, Cato drank, nor should we lightly damn a
Man who, at eighty and without coercion,
Mastered Liddell and Scott, and Hadley's grammar,
My pet aversion.

Elihu's ways, they say, are growing sinful,
Crimes that are nameless are committed daily.
Oscar! my toby, and I'll sin a skinful,
So to bed gaily.

BALLADE OF CHEESE AND BEER

Of Bacchus still the poets sing,
  Silenus and the fruitful vine,
And still their tuneful numbers ring
  With praises of the "rosy wine."
  Well, let them sing its charms divine
And sound its praises far and near;
  But O! what hours were thine and mine
With bread and cheese and lager beer!

Before my fire's flame the swing
  And dart of shadowy design
On hearth and wall would dance and swing,
  Fantastic shapes to intertwine
  In forms grotesque, and so combine
That none retained its outline clear—
  And we before the blazing pine
With bread and cheese and lager beer!

And as they mingled, so the sting
  Of many failures, the decline
Of hopeful purposes that bring
  Fresh courage in their train, benign
  Gambrinus touched, and in that sign
We saw again our pathway clear,
  And worshiped long at Friendship's shrine
With bread and cheese and lager beer!

Envoy

O friend! whatever joys be thine,
Nor wealth nor glory can outshine
Those days when Friendship was our cheer
With bread and cheese and lager beer!

WITH PIPE AND BOOK

With pipe and book, an old arm-chair,
A glowing hearth, what need I care
For empty honors, wealth or fame?
Grant me but this; an honest name,
A cup of ale, a coat to wear.
And then, while smoke-wreaths rift the air,
The banquet of the gods I share,
Content to sit before the flame
With pipe and book.

Above the city's noisy glare,
Yet sweet, tho' humble, is my fare;
For changing not from praise to blame,
These faithful friends are still the same—
No earthly comforts can compare
With pipe and book.

TO H. A. B.

The ways of Yale are changed, I trow,
Since you lived in the Old Brick Row;
The worn old fence is gone, and few
The faces that you loved and knew,
The good old days have altered so.

Of course the old fence had to go;
"*The college must have room to grow.*"
But merry yet and strong and true
The ways of Yale.

Tempus mutatur—yes! but tho'
A new Yale greets each winter's snow
We still are loyal to the blue—
You to the old, I to the new,
For each has learned to love and know
The ways of Yale.

BRAVE MOTHER YALE

Fairer than love of woman,
Stronger than pride of gold,
Stands, nor shall fail, love for old Yale,
Mother of love untold.

" Mother of love " proudly we call thee
Singing together adown the long line,
Light from above ever befall thee !
Hear thou and cheer thou the hearts that are thine.

Far down the march of ages,
Near to the goal at last,
Brighter the haze of coming days
Than all the storied past.

Brave Mother Yale, wondrous the story
Writ in the living rock, aye to endure.
On to the goal, from glory to glory,
Sure be thy tread, and our loyalty sure.

Beacon of truth uplifted,
Set in the Northern Sea,
While yet they live, thy sons shall give
Honour and love to thee.

Star of our hopes, shine on forever !
Nought can the calm of thy radiance pale.
Guarding thee still, failing thee never,
Still shall we love our brave mother, old Yale.

ENVOY OF "YALE VERSE"

[*To S. R. K.*]

The golden days that will not come again :
Battell rings out its call, yet I remain ;
  Your fire is whitening fast, as on the sill
  I knock my ashes out and hear the chill,
Unending fall of the New Haven rain
Beat noisily against your window pane.
We heed it not: our castles are in Spain,
  And dreams of conquest worth the winning fill
    The golden days.

They come not back to us ; that happy train
Of dreams has vanished with their dear domain,
  Yet have they left their benison, for still
  The selfsame sympathy for good or ill
Is ours to-day, although we seek in vain
    The golden days.

TRANSLATIONS

AD VENEREM

[*Horace, Book III., Ode XXVI.*]

Thy soldier once, O Love! was I,
And in that service thought to die,
  For not without success I warred,
  In many a blissful battle scarred.
But now I lay my lyre by
Before whose soft artillery
  Was each resisting door unbarred;
  Thy statue shall my armour guard,
    Thy soldier once.

In snowless Memphis set on high,
O Cypris! hearken to my cry:
  Let thine all-loving heart be hard
  To Chloe, if thou dost regard
His prayer, who was—ah! she knows why—
    Thy soldier *once*.

THE EPITAPH IN FORM OF A BALLADE

[*Which Master François Villon made for himself and five of his companions, expecting to be hanged along with them.*]

Nor hate nor scorn shall be our meed to-day,
  Stretched black against the faint gray-golden sky,
Heedless of all ungenerous ye may say,
  Helpless we hang, helpless to make reply.
  Rather in love and sorrow shall ye cry
To Him that hung for all men on the tree,
  And crave, ere that ye also come to die,
God, of His grace, forgive both us and thee.

Not all may tread the road of right alway,
  Not all the primrose path of pleasure fly;
The greater need then, brother man, to pray—
  The greater wrong compassion to deny.
  Our joys are spent; equal we all hang high;
All undeserving raise we now our plea,
  Whose dolorous death doth justice justify,—
God, of His grace, forgive both us and thee.

And now the wind shall have us for his play,
  The driving rain shall blanch, the sun shall dry,
The while in swinging chains aloft we sway,
  Grim warning to the lowly passerby;—

But ye, that life and laughter glorify
Ye, that to-day hold love and lands in fee—
Ye, that in pride, sorrow and death defy—
God, of His grace, forgive both us and thee.

Envoy

Prince Christ, in this brief hour of death be nigh!
Thou that did'st live and die for such as we—
And ye, that Him again do crucify,—
God, of His grace, forgive both us and thee.

BALLADE

[*That Villon wrote for his mother, when that she was about to die, wherewith to do her homage to Our Lady.*]

O Lady-Queen of sea and earth and air,
  Empress of all the darksome swamps of Hell,
Now at the end of the long path I fare
  Receive thine humble worshipper to dwell
  Within the gates of thine own citadel.
Thou art so great! Sinful and weak am I;
Yet shalt thy grace my poor faith justify,
  Grace that alone all sinners ransometh
Of them that cry to thee. Hear thou my cry,
  For this shall be my faith in life and death.

To thy dear Son that I am His declare,
  Whose birth and death did all my debt dispel
As when in Egypt Mary's load of care
  He turned to joy, as his to whom befell
  Thine absolution, tho' (for so men tell)
He to the fiend in bondage long did lie.
So cleanse me thou, of whose virginity
  Was born our Lord whose blood delivereth
From sin, nor thy poor handmaid now deny,
  For this shall be my prayer in life and death.

A poor old simple wife am I, that ne'er
A single letter of them all know well,
Of little worth; yet, at the Mass, whene'er
I follow at the call of Sabbath bell,
My heart with hope of Heaven's joy doth swell—
And then in fear I think that Hell is nigh.
Grant thou the joy to me, whose soul doth sigh
For rest and peace, who with my parting breath
With all that sin on thy dear love rely,
For this shall be my faith in life and death.

Envoy

O virgin Princess, bright beyond compare,
Thou didst the Christ our Lord Eternal bare.
The Prince of Paradise, of God the heir,
Our Father's love to us that witnesseth,
Grant me a crown of life with Him to wear
And in the House of Heaven to have a share,
For this shall be my faith in life and death.

BALLADE OF THE MIDNIGHT FOREST

[*After Théodore de Banville*]

The woodland nymphs, the mocking fauns still sing
'Neath thorn and holly as in time gone by ;
Still in the cool west wind the branches swing,
And Dian, wandering free, may still espy
The lean wolves startling at the Huntress' cry.
The shepherds' cots, men say, her rite still know
When silver stars awaking soft and slow
Join with the crescent moon their paler light
To glorify the silent fields below,
And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

Cress-wreathed, their golden heads all shimmering,
In mystic measures still the nixies vie
All-fain, half-fearful of discovering
Where the red dwarf, the wild red dwarf, doth lie,
The fairies' foe, the dryad's enemy,
Half in delight and half in dread ; when lo !
The Virgin Goddess comes in robe of snow,
Smiles sad, and as she sees their swift affright,
Breathes one swift sigh for summers long ago,
And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

Her sylvan spoils her nymphs attendant bring :
  The shrilling sob of startled stags that fly,
Blends with the bay of ban-dogs following.
  And she, exulting in her archery,
  Steals shining shafts from out the star-lit sky
And speeds them from the silver of her bow.
Loose on the western wind her long locks flow
  Unbound, a golden aureole blown bright
About her brow, with eagerness aglow,
  And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

Envoy

Prince, leave the shame and splendour, wealth and
    woe
The gloom and glamour of the town, for Oh !
  A fairer land is spread for our delight,
Where forest-fern and fount their peace bestow,
  And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

This book
was arranged for the press
by W. A. Bradley
New York
1902

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C051999219

863755

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY